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EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH.

## POETRY.

[From Jerrold's Magazine, London.]

### BREAD FROM BRAIN.

Where the iron of our lives  
Is wrought out in fire and smoke,  
There the mighty Vulcan strives,  
Hot the furnace, hard the stroke,  
There the wind blows in the mill,  
There the sparks in millions glow;  
There on anvil of the world,  
Is the clanging hammer hued.

Hard the labor: small the gain,  
Is in making bread from brain.

Where that nameless stone is raised,  
Where the patriot's bones were placed,  
Lived he—little loved and praised,  
Died he—little mourned and graced,  
There he sleeps who knew no rest,  
There he sleeps who knew no rest,  
Here he starved while sowing seed,  
Where he starved the worms now feed.

Hard the labor: small the gain,  
Is in making bread from brain.

In that chamber lone and drear,  
Sits the poet writing flowers,  
Bringing heaven to earth more near,  
Raining thoughts in dewy showers.  
While he sings of nectar rare,  
Only is the ink-bowl there;  
Of fables of gods he chants—high trust,  
As he eats the mouldy crust.

Hard the labor: small the gain,  
Is in making bread from brain.

When the prophet's morning voice  
Shouts the burden of the world,  
Sackcloth robes must be his choice,  
Ashes on his head be hurled.  
Where tyrants live at ease,  
Where false priests do as they please,  
He is scorned and sneered inside,  
He is stoned and crucified.

Hard the labor: small the gain,  
Is in making bread from brain.

Patriot! Poet! Prophet! feed  
Only on the mouldy crust;  
Tyrant, fool and false priest need  
All the crumbs, and scorn the just.  
Lori! how long, how long, O Lord,  
Shall the world withhold reward?  
Let the pen become a sabre,  
Let thy children eat who labor.

Bless the labor! bless the gain,  
In the making bread from brain.

## THE STORY TELLER.

### GEORGE DAMER; OR, THE HORSE-WHIPPING.

BY ELIZA S. PRATT.

#### CHAPTER I.

And we—what are we? The creatures of destiny, borne by the tide of the heart, on—on, to the ocean of eternity. Can you turn the current of the sea, battle back the waves that break with a thunder-stroke upon the shore? No, nor can man turn the tide of the heart, that links with its mysterious function, soul, body, and mind, for ever and ever. Born from a Godlike essence, it gathers now strength as it recedes from the shore, waves leaps on wave till the mighty torrent endures all, bears all, but conquers all. Now for the illustration; reader, pause!

Where's George? said Mr. Damer—a stout, fisted farmer, with a black beard and whiskers, and muscle enough in his arm for two common men—as he entered the house one warm summer's afternoon, and looked around among his group of sturdy boys and girls for the one in question. But the boy was missing.

Where's George, I say? repeated the man in a louder tone; do you know where the young rascal is, any of ye?

I guess he's up chamber, father, said a sweet little girl of six years, her eyes filling with tears, and her voice trembling as she spoke; I heard somebody going up real fast about two hours ago; shall I call him, father? I'm sure George wouldn't run away.

Go, Mary, said Mr. Damer, in a slightly softened tone, tell him I want him, quick.

As the child went out, Mrs. Damer laid down her work, glanced at her husband, and after hesitating a moment, evidently uneasy, rose and went after her daughter. But the boy was not to be found. The house was searched from cellar to garret, garden and barns hunted, and George, echoed from the youngest to the eldest, from the father's stentorian lungs to the mother's mild sweet voice—for she would have done anything to save him from a thrashing, which she had good reason to expect from the storm that was brewing.

Always out of the way, said Damer, clenching his fist and rudely pushing Mary aside as he strode from the door, already black in the face with passion, and his eyes flashing fire. I'll teach the young rascal a lesson that he won't forget very soon, if I can once catch him. I'll find away somewhere with a book, I'll warrant ye—that's always his cut, shirking clear of every thing he can, and fishing all the old books and newspapers he can lay his hands on, from Dan to Beersheba. He's an idle good-for-nothing rascal, and I'll beat a bit out of his bones yet.

Mrs. Damer stepped forward, pale as death, and laid her hand on his arm.

Don't whip him now, I beg you; remember, it was only last week you gave him such a flogging, and—

—and, all for nothing, as it proved, for he had done his work then; and this morning he brought in all the wood and water every bit of it—he's more help to me than all the rest of the children put together.

You needn't try to beg him off, exclaimed the man, he never was flogged half enough yet—the idle dog—but if I can catch him now, by —, I'll give it to him!

So saying he shook off the trembling hand that would have detained him, and taking a heavy horse-whip from the wagon at the door, walked off shaking it hither and thither, as if impatient to set it to work, and all the time muttering curses between his clenched teeth. The mother of the poor boy turned away, and wiped the tears from her face, but said nothing. Little Mary cried as if her heart would break, and the two elder boys stood in the door, trying to whistle and look careless; but the quivering lip barred all their efforts, and they stole off into the hay-mow with tears on their cheeks. There they plotted together in a low whisper, and had they come to the conclusion soon enough, their brother might have been saved by the united strength of the two, for they grew almost desperate as they thought of the terrible horse-whip and the danger to which he was exposed.

Mr. Damer had suddenly wanted the boy; he needed the assistance of the three, was really in a hurry, and when he found one missing, the one to whom he had always been snappish, if I may be permitted to use the term, and without any conceivable reason—his anger passed all bounds. He was naturally irascible, and now as he went forward, clenching his teeth and shaking his head, his passion rather increasing than diminishing, and when he reached the skirts of the wood, he felt prepared for almost any thing. Had he one turned his head as he passed the turnip field, things might have taken a different course. The whole enclosure was nicely and completely hoed out, large as the task was for a boy of his size, and the hoe was cleaned, and hung glittering in the sun, from the nook of an apple tree. But all this was lost, for it was unseen by the father of the boy.

The beech woods was a favorite resort of George, when he could get away with a book or a bit of paper; no matter how old, or worn, or greasy, it was food for him, and there lay his paradise. It was not long before Mr. Damer discovered the child, stretched at full length on a grassy mound beneath a tree. A brook ran purring and laughing at his feet—a thousand birds were singing around and above him—the green turf heaped with flowers filled the air with their delicious fragrance, and there amid all the loveliness of a glorious summer day, lay that young boy feasting over a few worn and dirty leaves of an old Spectator! Tears were standing on his pale but intelligent face, though his lips were wreathed with a smile, and one small hand, as it lay on the grass, grasped nervously the flowers, while his large beautiful eyes turned rapidly from side to side of the much loved page. He was wrapped in a world of ideal, but blissful feeling, and the sight might have moved almost any heart to love and admiration for the boy, but it only served to increase the father's rage.

George, George! No answer.

What are you here for, you young good-for-nothing scape-goat, when you ought to be in the turnip field, to work?—I'll teach you better, sir; get up quick, and come here!

Still there was no answer. The boy was smiling and weeping in ecstasy, and heard not a syllable of his father's words. He approached a step nearer, brandishing the whip.

Hallo! I say, what are you about sir? You had better mind your father, I can tell ye.

Mr. Damer was now within a few steps of his son, but so wrapt was the boy in that dirty scrap of a book, that one in ten thousand of modern readers would scarcely dare to look upon, and less to read—such a luxury was it to that poor child to have the mine of thought and feeling laid open to him, by the master pen of Addison, which, young as he was, he could comprehend, that the outer world was entirely forgotten, and he continued to read, perfectly unconscious of the approach of his father.

A heavy, cutting, terrible blow, descended quick as a flash of lightning, on his almost uncovered shoulders, for his jacket was thrown aside from the heat of the day. He leaped to his feet and with horror beheld his father with the horse-whip raised above him.

Oh! father!

You rascal! you dog! shouted the man, with fury, as if all the demons of hell were let loose in his heart. The blows descended thick and fast upon the shoulders and back of the innocent child, but after the first shriek, after the first exclamation, he was passive and calm as a martyr. His lips were pale, quivering, but not another tear touched his cheek, and those large, black, expressive eyes were raised and fixed with a singular look upon his father. That look was the precursor of the man, the spirit of the man working in the child, and seemed to say, 'Do your utmost, I can bear and triumph over all.' Not an expression of pain, not a murmuring word escaped him, through the whole terrible flagellation, mingled as it was with the oaths and curses of the father, and continued till the blood oozed from the lacerated skin, spotting his shirt and thin trousers, and trickling down upon his naked feet.

Then the whip was thrown aside, half from exhaustion and fortitude of the boy, for even a Spartan mother might have looked with admiration upon the brave little fellow.

But as the merciless instrument of torture was thrown on the ground, the boy spoke:

You will be sorry for this, father! then the eye-lids closed, the long black lashes drooped over his pale cheeks, he stepped back and fainted. There he lay among the blossoming flowers, his cheek pressed to the cool grass, and the book hugged to his bosom, even in his insensibility.

Poor George did not come home till night-fall. Then he stole away to his bed in the garret, for he wished to escape observation, not from any craven fear, but because he would not pain his mother and little sister, whom he loved with all his heart. But a few moments after the door opened, and 'George, George!' repeated in a low soft voice. It was his mother, and as the poor fellow heard the kind, gentle tones of that affectionate parent, he sat up in the bed, and began to sob for the first time since his father so brutally beat him. Mrs. Damer had brought up the supper, hoping to find him there, and yet almost fearing and trembling to see him. She set down the plate of bread and butter, clasped her poor boy in her arms and wept with him. He was her favorite, where he could be so, he was nevertheless ill-treated by the father, and, of course, the more doated upon—the more loved by the mother. When he found she was crying, the brave little fellow, with a desperate effort, forced back his tears, and winking his lacerated arms around her neck, he kissed her and tried to soothe her.

Don't cry, mother, dear mother, I am not much hurt, said he, looking into her face and trying to smile, but the wet eye-lids drooped, and he hid his face in her bosom.

You did not deserve this, my noble boy! she murmured, kissing his forehead, 'your father will be sorry for it some day; yes, my child, God will bless you, and when you are a man, such as my heart tells me you will be, he will think of this and weep, and tremble, and pray for it, even to his very grave.'

I know it, mother, I told him so, said the boy raising his hands, his eyes sparkling with unearthly light—but I am glad of it now; it has opened a new world to me—a new light broke upon me, even while I was standing there, with the whip playing like a scorpion about my shoulders; mother, mother, it almost dazzled me with its brilliancy—the mighty future lay unrolled like a great sea before me, and I launched on its bosom in a flood of gold; I didn't feel the whip, I only thought of that—and then—and then—mother, how old am I?

Fourteen, my son, said she, looking on her boy with astonishment, for she had never heard language like that from his lips before.

Yes, this morning I was fourteen, but I am much older now, mother, said he, withdrawing his arms from her neck and looking strangely beautiful as he turned his eyes upward, and clasped his hands on his bosom—I tell you, mother, 'tis the pulse of the heart, the thought of the brain, that wake the time, and oh! how fearfully fast have I lived since morning! Your boy is almost a man in heart, mother—yes, he whispered, 'I will never trouble father to horse-whip me again; I can take care of myself now.'

Mrs. Damer drew back with tears in her eyes and scarcely dared to answer the child before her. A mighty change had indeed come over him—the spirit of that poor abused boy had suddenly grown in power and might, till he was as much above his oppressor as the stars are above the earth.

At that moment little Mary crept softly in, in her night-gown, with a large piece of apple-pie in her hand. She was a beautiful child, with deep, loving blue eyes, and flaxen ringlets playing over an open brow. The traces of tears were on her ripe rosy cheeks, but she smiled as she saw her brother setting up, and laying the pie on the plate, she climbed upon the bed, and winding her little arms about his neck, kissed him with the tenderness of a warm-hearted child.

I have brought you some pie, dear George, said she, 'I didn't want any supper myself, and saved it for you, because I know you are hungry. Father shan't whip you again, he shan't—he shan't, she continued, sobbing aloud, while the poor boy pressed her to his heart, and began to cry himself at this new proof of affection.

No, no, sis, he won't whip me again, never—never!

I know he wouldn't. I would go between you, and he might beat me to death, I shouldn't care, but he never shall touch you again, dear good, kind George. I am sure you are ten thousand times better than father ever was, or ever will be.

No, not good, murmured the boy, 'but will always be kind to you, poor child!—God bless you, my sweet sister, good night—go now, and putting her gently from him, she slipped away and obeyed him without another word. The mother held a long conference with her son; it was midnight before she left him, and once more he was alone with his heart.

#### CHAPTER II.

The child left his father's house with a new born feeling of power in his heart. The dreadful and unmerited punishment he had suffered, effected one of those sudden changes in his character, which children sometimes undergo—though rarely, perhaps, at so early an age. It had ripened his faculties, set him to thinking for himself, and young as he was, and little as he knew of the world, with a consciousness of strength and self-reliance, he felt that he could now walk alone and buffet the ills of life unaided. His eyes were fixed on a glittering goal, and with newly developed energies, patience and perseverance, and, indeed, uncommon faculties of mind, George Damer, at the age of fourteen, launched himself forth upon the world to begin life with the sole aid of his heart and hand.

He communicated his plans and wishes to his mother, gained at last a tearful consent, and disappeared within three days from the date of the above, unknown to any one but her. Mr. Damer, aware when he found he was gone, but guessed as if her heart would break—her play-things were laid aside, and she grew sad and melancholy as days and weeks passed away and he came no more, for she loved her brother tenderly.

For some time Mrs. Damer kept the 'whereabout' of her son. He would occasionally send her messages when opportunity offered, repeatedly saying that he was well and happy, but what he was about, nothing could induce him to say. For three years she kept the place of his residence, but then all tidings from him ceased—all traces of him were lost. Many were the conjectures about him, many the hopes and cares of an anxious parent—but as year counted on year, and nothing more was heard from the youth, all settled into one vague feeling of despair—the boy must be dead. It is true that a neighbor who happened to be at New York, said that he met a young man in a lawyer's office looking very much as George used to look, but a great deal handsomer, and indeed a very smart young man, he almost thought it was George, but finally he knew it couldn't be, though his eyes looked strangely like, and he never saw another pair like them.

But at last he was given up by all, even by Mrs. Damer and Mary, who, although grown to a young woman, still entertained a vivid remembrance of her brother.

Seventeen years to a day from the time our story commences, the little village of R— (I shall leave the matter of fact lovers to guess where), was thrown into a state of great excitement by the arrival of a member of Congress at the tavern of the place. It was rather an unusual occurrence, and there seemed to be an air of mystery connected with the stranger, for no one could find out who he was, or why he was there. Not two hours after he stepped from the stage-coach, the whole village was by the ears. The young ladies vied with each other as who should get the first peep at him, contriving on some plea or other, to pass the tavern three or four times during the forenoon, not failing to raise their head each time, and give a long look as they passed. Wonderful stories were in circulation about his beauty and gracefulness, and it was unanimously agreed by those who were so fortunate as to get a look at him, that he was the finest looking man they ever saw. Mr. Damer was of the opinion that he was around 'electioneering,' or trying to get petitioners for a new bill—something to work their money out of them, for these Congressmen are sharp enough, said he, and I don't want anything to do with them.

But the mystery was fated to be unravelled earlier than they feared, for before nightfall the stranger himself was seen walking leisurely up the green lane that led to the farm house. His form was fine and his air noble and majestic, but a touch of the melancholy shaded his interesting countenance as he walked slowly along, glancing eagerly around at the various enclosures; the garden and the turnip-field, the barns and the house, which looked trim and tidy in a new coat of white.

Mrs. Damer stood for a moment bewildered as she opened the door, for the stranger spoke not. A pair of large black eyes were fixed upon her intently, earnestly, with a half mournful, half pleased expression, as he perused each feature and line of that benevolent countenance. His hands were clasped, and he bent slightly forward—but a moment more he turned away and brushed a tear from his eye, but all was silent. There was something in that turn, that look which startled the chain of memory in the heart of Mrs. Damer—the mother awoke in her breast, and a stifled shriek burst from her lips.

It is—not it cannot be—yes, it is my son George!

Your own son, my mother—it is your son, George Damer!—and the grateful mother clasped to her heart, her beloved and long lost child! Mary had heard the exclamation, and stepping into the entry, stood trembling, hoping, and fearing as she saw the stranger in her mother's arms.

But oh! with what joy, with what pride did she look on him! with what rapture did she, too, fly to his arms, when she found it indeed her brother!

My own sister—sweet sister! said he, kissing her again and again, then holding her off to look into her beautiful face—for Mary was the pride of the whole village—then embracing her again, till they both laughed and cried together in ecstasy of that unthought of meeting.

I remember well the little girl with the apple-pie, when I was so terribly whipped, and I never shall forget it! said he, when he could get breath enough to say so much, for his mother still clung to his neck silent in her tears of gratitude and joy.

Dear brother! I was all Mary could utter, as she looked through her tears with a sister's pride on her now found relative.

Two stout farmer men came up from the outside, wondering what all this fuss could mean, but when Mary cried out, catching her breath in the wildness of her joy—'Tis George! 'tis brother George! they came in and shook him by the hand till the tears glistened in their eyes, and they turned away to hide them.

But the father—oh! how would he greet the boy whom his cruelly had driven from the door, and who had come back a man—an honored and great man? He tried to steal from the back door, pale and trembling, but his wife stopped him.—'Tis our son George,' said she, and she led him forward like a child to the noble and injured youth.

It was the day of retribution; seventeen years to an hour, had gone by since he had stood with a whip over that brave boy, and beat him till he could no longer stand, and for no conceivable reason on earth! It is plain in what thoughts were working in the heart of the man, for he stood trembling like a coward before his son.—George was the first to speak. 'My father!' said he, extending his hand—but the old man drew back and brushed a tear from his sunken cheek. The fierce passions of his noon-day manhood had failed in age—the waters of repentance were flooding his soul. He talked as if to himself.

Thus hand drove my boy hence—I almost murdered him—no, no, I cannot touch him again, there's a curse on this right hand! 'My father!' said the young man, drawing close to him, and again offering his hand. 'No, no!' said the old man starting up, 'not till you have forgiven me that—that!—and his voice came thick through his teeth—that horse-whipping!'

Now and forever, and even thank you for it my father, for that helped to make me what I am! I know I did not deserve it. I was innocent; but instead of crushing and humbling me, it raised me in my own opinion—for it taught me what I was and what I might be. It awoke new thoughts and energies in my heart; and hence I left home to try my fortunes in the great world. I was but a child then, and I worked my way along—I have since wondered at it myself—in a charity school first—working day and night to support myself; then in a lawyer's office, where I procured copying enough for my maintenance. Here I studied as well as worked; and my master found me, by mere chance, one night very late, hard at work over a law treatise. Surprised, he examined my progress; still more astonished, he invited me to become his pupil. That was a golden era to me. Half crazy with joy, I threw myself on my knees before him, and wept as I never wept under severity. Years went by, and I also became a lawyer. The first case I pleaded won me applause—admiration. Success then followed me rapidly, and subsequently I became my teacher's partner in business, by his urgent solicitations. One year since, I was solicited to become a member of Congress, which I, of course, accepted; and now, having once more placed my feet on firm ground, I have come home to see you once more—father!

The old man was weeping; the boy's prophecy was fulfilled. Indeed he was sorry; and as the son again stood before him in the pride of manly beauty and strength, he bowed his face on his hands, and wept like a child!

TAKING SCALDING 'COOLLY.'—Mr. G. W. Reeder recently went from New Orleans to Gen. Taylor's camp to present medals to certain brave subalterns. On his way up the Rio Grande he encountered the wreck of the steamer Enterprise, one hour after her explosion.

While passing through the crowd of sufferers, (writes he to the Delta,) my attention was directed to one whom I thought must be dead. He was swathed in bandages from head to foot—the blood oozed from his wounds in thick, muddy streams, and his face was actually burned to a crisp. At first view I thought his eyes were scalded out, but I was mistaken. For a moment I stopped to view this awful spectacle of human agony, and just as I was about to attend to some other duty, I heard a voice saying, in a feeble yet resolute tone:

Hello! old feller—what are you got in that are tin cup?

Thinking the question proceeded from some one further off, I turned in that direction, when the same person indignantly said—

Yes, that's allers the way! A feller gets a little hurt, and, just like a porpoise that's wounded his feller cretters tries to kill him!

To my utter astonishment, I found that this was addressed to me by the person described in the above as having been so terribly wounded.

What can I do for you, my poor friend?

What are you got in that are tin cup? Is it ratgut or melasses?

It is whisky. Will you have some?

You're the feller. Just open my teeth, and pore a little down. I can't see well, but I think ulters will do me good.

I did as I was directed, and he drank the whole contents of the cup—about half a pint of raw whisky—and then said—

Thankee, old feller. Yessie I was asleep, and when the bust up took place, I was on the biter deck, and I b'leeve I was blown through one of the flues; but never mind, I ain't much hurt, and I'm more used to it than a good many. I been blown up four times afore!

STRENGTH VS. THE GALVANIC BATTERY.—A smart son of Ulsteria walked into a place the other evening where a gentleman was practicing with a galvanic battery, and was invited to see if he could retain the handles in his fist. He Japers! it's me can do that same,' replied the son of Erin. He took them, and the gentleman gave him a considerable shock.

A little more if you please—I can hold 'em.' The little more was tried, and a 'grain more' was asked for, and put on.

I guess I can hold 'em,' said Jimmy, 'a least bit more.'

The gentleman applied the whole force of the machine, and Jimmy's arms began to twitch and jump as though he had the shaking palsy, and his fists were firmly set on the handles, maugre all attempts to let go.

'Take 'em away,' bawled Jimmy, as he danced to and fro—'take 'em away,' the little devil holds me. Shant Patrick and be Japers to you!



why don't you take 'em away—he'll twitch every bone out in my body!

The gentleman put a stop to the operations of the machine, and Jemmy, shaking himself to see that he was whole, hurried out of the room, casting a furtive glance back at the machine as though he were afraid of another attack.

#### PROTECTION AND LABOR.

*Production is cheapest where the price of labor, estimated by the day or year, is dearest.*—We stated this proposition in a former article, and assured our readers that at a future time we should attempt to maintain and defend it.

It seems not to have occurred to the friends of the protective system, that the productive power of the laborer is materially different in different parts of the world, but a sound theory as well as long observed experience proves it to be so. In our former article we alluded to the fact that wheat is grown with free, well paid labor in Ohio, at less cost than with unpaid labor in Kentucky. The protectionist would reason in this way. Labor is comparatively valueless in Kentucky; labor is dear in Ohio; therefore Ohio cannot compete with Kentucky in agricultural and manufacturing industry. Adopting their notions, this would be good logic, but it leads to a result entirely opposed to the fact. In truth, Kentucky cannot compete with Ohio.

Labor is cheap in the East Indies and all the proximate parts of the Asiatic continent. A common laborer gets from two to six cents per day, and the best mechanics of the region from ten to twelve. Yet the most simple manual labor—calculating a ship for example—is as expensive in that country as in this. In those departments which require more intelligence, production is dearer with them than with us. Within the memory of man India cottons were imported to this country at a cost of from thirty to fifty cents per yard, yet the operatives received only 2 to 4 cents per day for their labor. The laborers of the United States, receiving from fifty cents to one dollar and fifty cents per day, have been brought in competition with these cheap laborers, and the result is beyond all doubt or dispute, that production is cheap with us and dear with them. Five yards of cloth are produced in Massachusetts at the cost of one yard in the East Indies. The commercial statistics of the country prove the same fact. Formerly, Americans were clothed with India cottons; now, the natives of the East Indies are clothed with American cottons.

In a comparison with China we have a similar advantage; and notwithstanding she has the benefit of centuries of experience, our exports of cottons to that country promise soon to balance all our imports of spices and teas. The price of labor estimated by the day is lower in the East Indies and China than in any other part of the world; and estimated in the same way it is dearer in the United States than anywhere else. England, France, Switzerland, German States, Russia, Italy, Egypt and Syria, all to some extent manufacturing countries, occupy an intermediate position between the two extremes. Now we have the singular fact before us, of the country where labor is cheapest obtaining its industrial products from the country where labor is dearest. What but the character of their laboring population, has excluded England and the manufacturing states of the continent from the markets of the East Indies.

The laboring population of Russia, as is well known, is of the most servile character. A bare subsistence is all they receive. Yet labor, in reality, is dearer there than in England or the United States. In consequence of the small amount of labor performed by each person, the daily expenses of a ship of war or merchantman are greater than in any other maritime nation. At the same time the number of men employed and their want of skill, diminish materially the vigor and efficiency, and hazard the success of every operation. But were the per diem price of labor to determine the cost of production, Russia would at once command the commerce of the world.

But the pauper labor of England is the danger which the protectionists point out, and against which they would direct the legislative powers of the country.

It is unquestionably true that labor, estimated by the day, is cheaper in England than in the United States; but some persons, either from ignorance or interest, assert the difference to be much greater than it really is. The averages include oftentimes the wages of those persons who are supported in part by the parish; and at other times the wages of those whose business has been partially destroyed by improvements in machinery. There is in production an important element which the protectionists overlook entirely, and which does not seem to be properly estimated by any considerable portion of the community. We mean the intelligence, inventive power and ingenuity of the operatives. In fact, we may say that this element is more important than any other, and will in time compensate for great disadvantages, either in natural facilities or formidable competition. It is to this element that the United States are indebted for their success in manufactures. As we have before stated, the statistics of deaths in England shows that the average length of life among the operatives does not exceed seventeen years.

Now it will not be asserted by anybody that such a population can ever make much progress in mechanics; in fact, for the most part, they are entirely ignorant of anything above or beyond the manual labor they were taught to perform. Their childhood is spent in servile labor, instead of that study which is essential to the development of their intellectual powers.

The child hears the noise of machinery when it should listen to the glad voice of its mates; each returning day brings sixteen hours of toil which should have been divided with the school and the playground; its body is deformed by labor in unnatural positions, and by scourging, when it should be strengthened by the freedom from toil and care so essential to youth. Children are sent to the mills as soon as they are able to perform any labor, and when they become slippy they are immersed in cold water or subjected to the stripes of the overseer. Their moral

and intellectual powers are never developed, and for the natural buoyancy of youth is substituted disappointment and anguish. There is no childhood—no old age. Infancy is succeeded by labor—labor by death. The sports and the innocent joys of childhood give place to servile labor, corporal abuse and vicious example. There are none of the joys of home, none of the ties of blood, of neighborhood, of social life, which even among American slaves are sources of great happiness. It was stated in parliament that 1,097,892 children between the ages of seven and fourteen years and 1,200,000 between the ages of three and fourteen, receive no school instruction. It was further stated that in the district of London not one in twenty received any education, and in one section, including Liverpool and Manchester, there is a population of 847,000 children, only 27,000 of whom go to school.

These statements are not exaggerations of the truth, but rather feeble and imperfect descriptions of the laboring population of England. Now it necessarily follows that such operatives must receive but a small sum for their daily labor and it also follows that the amount of labor will be equally small. Mind is essential to cheap production. Without a good share of intelligence, the operative is a mere machine, doing that and that only which he was taught to do. Pins have been manufactured in England nearly three centuries without any improvement in machinery or mode of production. A division of labor, which results from ignorance, is the only alteration sought or attained. One person cuts the wire, another pointed the pin, another twisted the wire for the head, and so the business was divided and subdivided until the heads of the pins and the heads of the operatives are about equally valuable. But as soon as the intelligence and ingenuity of our countrymen were directed to the matter, the business was entirely changed.

The solid-headed pin was invented; a small matter in itself, but indicating the different qualities of the two people. Any common smith in America would have made the head and body of a pin of the same piece of metal; yet for nearly three centuries the people of England toiled on, without making so manifest an improvement. The manufacture of this article has been brought to such perfection in this country that we may bid defiance to the world. One girl, with the aid of such machinery as we have in use, performs the labor of sixty girls in England, in sticking the pins upon papers.

The greatest improvement of which any account has come to us lately, is the new powerloom for the manufacture of carpets. It is believed that there will be a saving of nine-tenths of the labor required by the old system. But, without pretending to determine the exact advantage, it is beyond all doubt sufficient to secure the business not only of this country, but ultimately of the whole world.

The manufacture of woolsens is in no danger from foreign competition. The business is as well understood, and all the arrangements and machinery so complete, that it is impossible for foreigners to undersell the home manufacturers. To be sure, considerable quantities of woolsens are imported, but they are principally of the grades which are not made in this country, such as the fine twilled and plain black French and German cloths. The English are almost entirely driven from our markets, and their continental rivals would be, did they not produce an article different from the English or American.

An importation of medium cloths from England is a very rare transaction. We have in this article treated very briefly the different qualities of the American people, and the advantages they possess over Europeans. At a future time we may speak upon the subject with more minuteness.

#### COURTS IN BOSTON—Oct. 30-31.

*Sale of land in Maine decreed void on account of fraudulent misrepresentations by the vendors.*—U. S. Circuit Court. Judge Woodbury, by his promptness, patience and indefatigable application to the business of this court, is fast clearing the docket of the cases which had accumulated in consequence of the ill health of the late Judge Story. On Friday he delivered an opinion in the long standing case of William S. Smith, in equity, vs. Samuel H. Babcock, John B. Cross and others, forming a company, who sold to the plaintiff a lot of land in Oxford county, Maine, being one-fifth of a township of 28,325 acres. Nov. 9, 1835, the plaintiff paid for his purchase \$11,408, cash and notes, being at the rate of \$6 per acre. In January, 1839, the plaintiff filed his bill in equity, praying that the contract of the purchase might be rescinded, the money paid be recovered back, and the notes be surrendered. The plaintiff's bill alleged that gross misrepresentation and fraud had been used to induce him to purchase the land by Cross, one of the defendants, and agent for and part owner with the others, viz: that he enormously exaggerated the quantity of timber on the land; that he falsely held himself out as the sole owner; and that he was of great wealth, and therefore his guaranty was to be relied on, &c. The bill further alleged that some of the other defendants united with Cross in his false representations, and in getting up a new company, &c.; and that Cross employed a man named Chalmers, of New York, to make pretended purchases, in company with others, for the sake of inducing others to purchase, &c.

His honor, after stating the general features of the case, and the connection of the several defendants with it, and the respective parts enacted by them in the drama of deception by which the plaintiff had been misled in making the purchase, said he should decide it on the ground of fraud alone. Cross had assigned his portion of the notes to Joseph Noble, another of the defendants, as security for advances, &c. But Noble knew how Cross obtained them of the plaintiff without adequate consideration, and therefore was not an innocent holder of the notes. Among other points, it was decided, that notwithstanding the plaintiff had an opportunity to examine it sometime before the bargain was completed, yet if the false representations of Cross were relied upon as to details, and persons hired by him united in statements and acts likely to mislead the plaintiff, the latter would not be precluded from bringing his suit for fraud. In regard to the question

of a discharge in bankruptcy, his honor remarked that it could not be pleaded against a claim in equity to rescind a contract like this on the ground of fraud. It was therefore decreed, that the whole sale should be set aside for fraud; and each member of the company should be liable for the portion he had received, &c., and the notes be given up, &c. Cross was to be held primarily liable, and the others liable in aid of him. The details of the settlement were referred to a master in chancery. Fletcher and Derby, of Boston, and Bosworth and Miller, of New York for the plaintiff, and C. G. Loring, J. P. Rogers, William Gray, R. Choate, S. Greenleaf, George W. Cooley and E. F. Hodges, for the defence.

The case of Nathan Tutill vs. John B. Cross and another was decided on similar grounds, with some additional points, one of which was, that a party is not precluded from a rescinding of a sale for fraud because he makes an examination of the land before he purchases, but does not go into details, and confides for those on the false statements of the other party and his agents. [Post.]

**Right.** The New York Commercial thus comments on the Richmond Tragedy:

And in Richmond—in the capitol of Virginia—this atrocious deed is pronounced guiltless by the appointed guardians of justice, eulogized by eminent counsel, hailed with enthusiastic plaudits by the people! Truly have we said that it is a great stride to anarchy. Henceforward it is proclaimed in Richmond that any man who has been or believes himself to have been greatly wronged—especially if he is the owner of half a million—may assassinate his wronger with impunity; and of course that for any minor offence he may exact a minor vengeance. The functions of law are at an end. The law itself is struck dead. Vindictive of real or supposed injuries by the strong hand—no, by the assassin's knife or the poisoned draught—is henceforth the rule of human conduct in Virginia. The sympathies of the people are with the man-slayer whose hands are red with the blood of vengeance, and against those sympathies there is no restraining power in the tribunals. From the seed now sown there can scarcely fail to be an awful harvest.

But even this might be overlooked—even for this there would be consolation and redemption—were it not for the evidence, apparent on the face of all the Richmond Journals, that public opinion has gone with them in their ruinous assault on public justice. Once before, a Richmond tribunal and public feeling in Richmond committed an outrage on society and humanity, when the slayer of Mr. Pleasant was exonerated from even the slightest degree of punishment or censure; but the slaying of Mr. Pleasant was a crime of less atrocity than the assassination of Mr. Hoyt. Though it was a barbarous act of homicide, perpetrated by a young, active and vigorous man, armed at the teeth, on one from whom years and broken health had taken the elements of equality in the combat, there was yet about it some show of fairness and of manliness. It was a contest—a struggle—with time and means, for preparation on both sides. But the killing of Mr. Hoyt was a simple deed of cowardly assassination. Three men, armed with deadly weapons, burst into the chamber of a naked, defenceless, sleeping man, without the shadow of risk to themselves, without affording him the semblance of an opportunity for resistance or defence, put him to a cruel and bloody death. The act of Young Mr. Ritchie was at worst the deed of a ruffian—that of Mr. Myers and his confederates was the cowardly crime of an Italian bravo who murders in the dark.

**Ohio.** The official returns have been received from all but five counties, and unofficially from those, and Bobb, which was 2945 majority.

Letters from Matanzas have been received in Boston, from which it appears that the hurricane was very destructive in that harbor. All the vessels at anchor, excepting two, were driven ashore, and much damage was done to other property. The cane on the plantations has been greatly injured.

A young lawyer of New Orleans, Harry Hays, escaped unhurt, although he was in seven distinct engagements, and always in the front rank. Harry killed two Americans from an advanced position on a beach top in Monterey, where he, with Albert Capen, of Louisiana, and young Brother, of Alabama, fought alone from daybreak until the white flag was put up to the conflict. During this time, Harry, with his six-shooter, or revolving rifle, took thirty-nine fair pops.

A duel was fought at San Antonio, Texas, on the 26th ult., between Lieut. S. G. Ward and Thomas Yeatman, both from Tennessee; the affair was about a lady; both were wounded but not killed.

**Continued.** "Why is the letter D like a ring?" and a young lady, after accepted, one day, The gentleman, like the generosity of his sex in such a situation, was dull as a hammer. "Because," added the lady, with a very modest look at the picture at the other end of the room, "we can't be used without it."

Two men who served the Mexican artillery with great precision and effect at Monterey, were deserters from the American army. They deserted at Fort Brown.

There are about, or near four millions in the treasury, in addition to the privilege of borrowing or issuing treasury notes. We have sufficient sinews of war not to get along, but to prosecute the war with all vigor. [Union.]

In relation to the reports which have been current that the army at Monterey was in want of ammunition, the Washington Union understands from an officer direct from the camp, that such was not the case. The War Department has, we are informed, issued an enormous amount of the munitions of war—not less than 16,000 rounds of ammunition for field and siege guns, and over 6,000,000 of cartridges for small arms.

Some new counterfeits of the Mechanic's Bank Concord, N. H., have just made their appearance. The centre piece is Valen—left hand end is a reaper with an armful of wheat, and signed J. M. Harper, President, Geo. Minot, Cashier. The plate is wholly unlike the true notes—coarse, although, part of the work is from original dies, engraved by a Southern House. The counterfeiters bear the first of Treppan Carpenter, & Co.

#### OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, NOVEMBER 10, 1846.

"The Union—it must be preserved."

We remarked in our haste, that, while "universal education" would be "a universal blessing," there was a large class of laborers in our country destitute of the means of obtaining it,—and especially in this true of our large cities and villages.

The laborer—and so must every man of just feeling—counts that state of society which dooms a large portion of mankind to physical want, while it suspects the rest, morally wrong, and is anxious for its regeneration; but he sees a still greater evil and one whose consequences he must more deeply deplore. He cannot quietly suffer the want of that which his neighbors no better than himself, are daily wasting;—but he deplores his want of opportunity for mental and moral culture as the greatest of his privations, and the source of his wrongs.

The laborer would be a MAN. He would not worthily of that lofty nature he possesses, and mature those gems of sublime and generous virtue deposited in his bosom; but he cannot. He must live and die an animal. All his thoughts, time, talents, exertions, are required to supply merely his animal wants, to obtain merely food, clothing and shelter. What opportunity have thousands of the inhabitants of this country for moral and mental culture? They are poor; they are in want; they can but just supply the body; and how can they go forth to admire nature, sit calmly to reflect on the ways of providence and man's duty, or to read books which would enlighten their minds, improve their taste, and purify their hearts?

Many of the above named class, no doubt neglect the opportunities they have, and the course they pursue but makes their condition worse,—but what then? Shall we neglect them altogether, because some are wrong? Laborers, generally, are sensible of their deficiencies, and wish for light, for just knowledge and correct views; but they would have those who presume to teach them regard their rights, treat them with proper respect, and in good faith seek to enlighten them, without impugning their motives, or upbraiding them for their ignorance.

It is well known, that the wages of many laborers are barely sufficient while they are in good health, industrious and economical, to make the two ends of the year meet—in many cases not enough to do that. There is no mistake in this. The wages usually given for labor are inadequate to the comfortable support of the laborer and his family—and he may perhaps be badly embarrassed, and consequently, deprived of some of the means he would otherwise possess. Worn out with toil, exhausted in all his physical energies, discouraged, sick at heart on seeing a family whom he tenderly loves living in poverty, shut out from intercourse with the educated and refined, doomed, in short, to toil through life as members of the lower class; if he have a moment's leisure he cannot spend it in reading, in useful study. His mind has not elasticity enough for that. How, then, can it be expected that he will progress in knowledge himself, or so educate his children as to make them virtuous and useful citizens.

Still, we are upbraided with our ignorance—when have we been able to become knowing? We are reproached with our coarseness and vulgarity of manners—when can he study the graces, obtain refinement and accomplishment of manners, who is shut out from intercourse with the refined and accomplished, and who is obliged to toil six days in the week from morning till night, to obtain the means of a bare subsistence? We are accused of a want of sensibility, of being insensible to the beautiful, without regard for the venerable, unable to take pleasure in literature, the fine arts, and the embellishments of life;—and when have we, laboring men as we are, with scarce a holiday from one year's end to another, when have we an opportunity of cultivating a relish for the beautiful, of becoming acquainted with the fine arts, of acquiring a taste of literary pleasures, and a judgment in what embellishes life? Who can tell how many an embryo mind of what are called great men, because their powers have been developed, has lived and died in our ranks for the want of opportunity to show himself? Conceded by the beggar's weeds, not seldom is there more of the ethereal fire, more of moral grandeur, and loftiness of mind, than has ever been exhibited by those the world calls the greatest and best. Give us the opportunity to improve ourselves, let us have a spare moment from our ceaseless toil, and we will vindicate our relation to humanity, and prove that we can do as much to adorn the human race as those who have hitherto profited by our labor.

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene,  
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean rear;  
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

Here is the real evil of which we complain. Human beings, endowed with a lofty and deathless nature, with faculties susceptible of unlimited expansion, faculties which crave the infinite and would be forever rising to the perfect, are by the present state of things, tied down to the earth, chained to the very dust, and compelled to wear out existence as mere animals. We are richly endowed as moral and intellectual beings, and what we complain of is, that we are as situated that we cannot exert more of our moral and intellectual powers. We are doomed to be animals; for we are debarr'd the time and the opportunity to be men. If, then, we would have "universal education," so essential to the best interest and happiness of all classes, prevail, we must demand as fair a price for our labor as do capitalists for their money; then we shall have the time and the means to improve ourselves, and educate our children. Education—what is it? This we will consider at some future time.

**The Ohio Volunteers.** A letter from Lieut. Col. Waller, of the 1st regiment Ohio volunteers, numbering 370 men, received at Washington, says his regiment lost 15 killed and 89 wounded. Among the former was one lieutenant, and among the latter an adjutant and three lieutenants.

**Western District Court commences its session today.**

#### "FACT AGAINST THEORY."

The Bath Tribune, in commenting on an article with the above caption which appeared in the Democrat of the 20th ult., says:—

"Perhaps it would be better to wait until the new tariff goes into operation, before you talk of the Whig theory being overthrown by facts."

We are perfectly willing to wait, Mr. Tribune, but when such facts as the following are recorded by your own papers, and by one of the most ultra protectionists, too, in the land, we cannot help making it public to cheer and make glad the hearts of the farmers and producers of "Old Oxford."

*From the New York Tribune.*

"The aggregate receipts of flour, wheat, barley, and corn at tide water, by way of the Erie canal, from the commencement of navigation this season up to the 14th September, were as follows. We subjoin the receipts during the corresponding period last year for the sake of comparison:

	Flour.	Wheat.
1846	1,530,301 bbls.	1,032,401 bush.
1845	1,184,604 "	328,563 "
Inc.	474,797	Inc. 703,838
1846	Barley.	Corn.
1845	235,204 bush.	1,065,290 bush.
	74,324 "	24,600 "
Inc.	160,880	Inc. 1,040,730

\*Of this quality about 160,000 bushels were received prior to the new crop coming into market.

"The increase in flour and wheat in favor of this year is equal to 629,104 barrels of flour.

"Freights remain firm at 2s. 6d. for flour and 8d. for grain to Liverpool. A packet is said to have made engagements at 2s. 6d. but we know of nothing doing over 2s. 6d. Most shipmasters however are asking 2s. 6d. There are considerable engagements, as there are also of provisions, at 4s."

"The 'Prices Current' show, that although the prices of manufactured goods have fallen, the prices of the products of the soil have risen and are still rising. Now if the Whig theory is correct, as we understand it, when manufactured goods are cheap, breadstuffs should be cheap, also, and vice versa. But now, it is not so; and the cause is, the opening of the ports of England and the taking off, by that country, the heavy import duty on foreign breadstuffs, in connection with the adoption by our own democratic administration of measures which enables England to buy of us our surplus products. Perhaps it may be worth while for the Tribune to consider how many leading articles it must write in favor of a high tariff to do away with the effect upon the people of such records of trade as these. The 'Prices Current' are 'stubborn facts,' and do not exactly agree with the Whig theory. The people, the farmers of Maine, will see that a demand is created for the surplus breadstuffs of the west in a foreign market, and as a consequence, that their own surplus products sell at higher prices—that the removal of restrictions upon trade benefits them in two ways—it enables them to buy their manufactured articles cheaper, and to sell their surplus products at higher prices—and they will see in it the vindication and praise of the new tariff. Would it not be better, Mr. Tribune, for the party of restriction to avail itself of a tardy—we will not say a death-bed repentance,—to recant its errors?

The Tribune says further:—

"The reason is obvious—the home manufacturer when he sees that in a few months or weeks he is to be exposed to foreign competition, being unable for want of capital, to keep his goods on hand, until such a time as they will command a high price, throws them into the market, and sells them for what he can get. And when Free Trade laws come in force, for a while there will be a competition between the home and the foreign manufacturer, which will keep down the price until the American manufacturers are broken down and driven out of the market, then the foreigners, having the market to themselves, can place their own price on their goods, and as a matter of course, the price will immediately go up higher than it ever was under the system of protection."

Now let us see the state of the manufacturing interests. The following is an extract of a letter from Lowell, Mass., to the Brooklyn Eagle, under date of Sept. 21, and should of itself be considered sufficient evidence of the falsehood of the clamor of the protectionists that the new tariff would ruin the "manufacturing interests." "Free trade," about which the Tribune prates so speciously, has not as yet been adopted, our readers are aware.

"I see by a recent statement, and from looking round the city, that new mills of the largest class are going up in every quarter. The carpet corporation are laying the foundation of a new factory 272 feet long by 130 wide, two stories, to be filled with 200 power looms. These power looms are working fully, I learn, beyond even the expectation of the most sanguine. The loom is in itself a wonder. The same company are erecting a large machine shop and picker-house, and will soon commence a store house only 700 feet long! The Merrimack company have nearly ready for machinery a mill five stories high, 333 feet by 45, to contain 600 looms, and 20,000 spindles. The Hamilton company have rapidly preparing for operation a new mill of four stories, 317 feet long by 48 wide, to be occupied by 20,000 spindles. They are also building a picker-house 216 feet long, and a waste house 110 feet. It is said they will use up about 6,000,000 spindles. The Lowell mills are nearly ready, which will contain 20,000 spindles. So here are three mills just going into operation with a combined force of 60,000 spindles! This does not look much like ruin and panic, and would be bad material for the manufacture of either."

The Middlesex company, composed of the brothers Lawrence, have just erected a new woolen mill six stories high, 150 feet in length by 43 in width. There is a steam engine for use in case of a failure of water. One of the new Prescott mills is also run by an engine of 150 horse power. Nearly all the corporations have been making additions to their old mills; in some cases very extensive. The Lowell Bleachery is also moved by the same spirit of improvement, having under way a large bleach-house, finishing house, and dry-house, and having just made room for a new steam engine of 120 horse power.

"There are various other changes and additions going on, some on a gigantic scale; as, for example, the new canal round Pawtucket falls, which will add greatly to the water power. The combined companies have purchased the water privileges of Wampasset Lake, the water of which is to be brought by a new canal, or a deepened channel, into the Merrimack in sufficient quantity to guard against drought in summer, and to supply new mills, which are to be erected hereafter."

It is also stated that the stupendous mills building by the Hamilton and Merrimack companies, mentioned above, are built by surplus profits, from a reserved fund, while the regular dividends are paid.

These are facts; and they speak in trumpet tones what the manufacturing capitalists think of the new tariff, and of its injury to "their interests." Perhaps the Tribune will advise the manufacturers "to wait until the new tariff goes into operation," and thus aid the protectionists in creating or bringing about the very state of things they prophesy, and which their theory will not accomplish. We shall see.

Such "facts" as the above "speak loud" against the "wool pulling" theories of the protectionists; and it gives us pleasure to record them for the benefit of the producers, the laborers, the "bone and sinew" of the land. They show, to some extent, that the "tariffs



which were "glorious to be borne" are partially lifted from their shoulders, and may the time soon arrive when they shall be entirely relieved from them.

The picture which "Souvenir" drew of the identity of the present whig party with the Federal party of 1812, in the Democrat of the 27th ult., makes the man of the Bangor Courier nervous—very nervous—poor man. He recognizes the likeness, and is afraid the people will, also, and they do, most distinctly. They delight occasionally—the older portion of them—in reviving and reviewing the "musty records" of that party, which has so many times changed its name, but its principles never; and the younger portion, too, prefer such occasional reminiscences to the special pleas put forth by the champions of that chameleon party to prove themselves what they are not, and never can be, democrats, in principle.

Keep cool, Mr. Courier; the "Democrat belongs not to the past, nor does it" another all generous sympathies, and at the same time, right moving hearts, by leading them into the dark recesses of the past; it but seeks to point to the "dark recesses of the past" history of a party, who will now stoop, as they have heretofore stooped, to any means, adopt any creed, that will forward, aid, or accomplish, the object of the founders of that party; that all "right moving hearts" may shun at this time, and hereafter, a party whose past history is so ominous of evil to the perpetuity of our glorious institutions.

We admit it is a "nervous twinging" dose for the actors in the scene of 1812, to have "musty quotations" from their faithful allies, the British spies, "brought to light just at this time, when similar 'heart moving' scenes are attempted to be made the issues of the day; but, severe as it is, it is no less true, and applicable in the present self-styled whig party, and should not be "smothered" on that account, or because the ghost of the old Federal party, who has slept for a quarter of a century," be thereby "revived and refresh their memories" of the past. But enough for the present; we trust "Souvenir" will for the "nerves" of the Courier man again, ere long, if for no other purpose than to make him acknowledge his identity with the Federal party "of the past" as well as the present.

#### HURRICANE AT KEY WEST.

The New Orleans papers of the 23d ult., give the particulars of the most terrible gale ever known in the Gulf of Mexico. The gale commenced about 10 o'clock A. M. on the 11th, and at 2 P. M. it blew a perfect hurricane. The light houses at Key West and at Sand Key were washed away, and Key West is in ruins; not more than six out of 600 houses have escaped injury; the balance are either unroofed or blown down. Three hundred are estimated to have been blown down. The fortifications are demolished; the streets are full of rubbish and almost impassable; and the wharves washed away or injured materially. Fourteen persons were either killed or drowned at Key West light house, and not a soul escaped to tell the tale. At the Sand Key, six persons were killed or drowned. Forty-five vessels, of various description, are reported as wrecked and stranded, some of them hundred yards from high water mark, and it is feared that a great loss of life among the passengers and crews has been sustained.

It will be recollected that there was a tremendous gale from the South experienced here on the 13th. It was probably the same storm extended North, having travelled some 3000 miles in from 30 to 36 hours.

COMMONWEALTH DECREE.—The remains of the gallant Decatur have been removed from Washington city to Philadelphia, and entered in St. Peter's Church yard. A handsome monument is to be erected over them.

It may not at this time prove interesting to revive briefly the melancholy reminiscences of his death—Commander Decatur, the gallant victor of the Macedonian, fell in a duel with Commodore Barron, commander of the Chesapeake frigate when she was overhauled by the British ship Leopard. The meeting came off on the 22d of March, 1820, near Bladensburg. They fought at eight paces with pistols. At the first fire both were wounded, Com. Decatur through the abdomen, and Com. Barron severely on the right hip, the ball glancing from the bone, which probably saved his life. Com. Bainbridge was the second of Decatur, and Com. Elliott of Barron. Decatur was carried to his own house, in Washington, to the arms of his distressed wife, and expired on the evening of the same day, his case being attended from the first with vomiting of blood, hiccup, &c.

The excitement in Washington, at the time, is described by those who witnessed it, as without a parallel. A President's levee was to have been given that evening at the white house, and many of the guests had assembled when the mournful intelligence was received. The levee was immediately postponed, and the residence of the Commodore was surrounded by an anxious multitude until his decease was announced. Congress was then in session, and the event was announced in both Houses the next morning; in the Senate by Mr. Randolph, and in the House, by Mr. Taylor of New York. All the public offices in Washington were closed, and general mourning prevailed.

Andrew Beaumont, Esq., of Wilkesbarre, Pa., has been appointed Commissioner of Public Buildings in Washington city, vice Major Noland, resigned. He was to take possession of the office on the first inst.

A steamboat is being built to run on the "sea of troubles."—[Ex. paper.] Good; we are glad to hear it. That sea has for a long time had nothing but tumblers, jugs, and such like craft, on its boisterous bosom. A more safe and expeditious passage can now be had.

REPRESENTATIVES ELECTED.—The House stands 50 democrats, 53 federalists, and 6 abolitionists. There are twenty-nine vacancies, viz:—In York 3, Cumberland 4, Lincoln 2, Waldo 3, Oxford 6, Kennebec 3, Penobscot 3, Piscataquis 1, Somerset 2, Franklin 3. Of these the democrats had last year 21, and the Federalists 8.

A French merchant writes, Sept. 27, from the city of Mexico, that, although the war and blockade have reduced the transactions of trade 50 per cent, prices have fallen considerably; anarchy and civil war are fermenting; robbery and murder stalk abroad, and every man carries weapons for defence; the anarchical government threatens to expel money by force; and all who desire peace and order put up secret prayers for the arrival of the American army. Under these circumstances the war we wage becomes a holy mission. If Taylor's eagles carry arrows, they also carry olive branches in their talons. High and noble is the task of our soldiers, and false to humanity and to the cause of civilization and democracy is he who does not cheer and applaud their progress.

A public dinner was to have been given to Daniel Webster in Philadelphia on the 21 of Dec.

NEW YORK ELECTION.—The election in this State took place last Tuesday. It was for Governor, Lt. Governor, thirty-four members of Congress, two Canal Commissioners, and members of the Senate and House. From returns in the Boston Post of Friday last received in New York up to 8 P. M. of Thursday, Young, the whig candidate for Governor, is thought to be elected by from 12,000 to 14,000; twenty-three whig Congressmen; and a majority of the Assembly is supposed to be Whig. Gardner, the democratic candidate for Lt. Governor, is supposed to be elected by a small majority. We hope to receive better news than the above before we issue our next number.

A correspondent of the Boston Post, writing from New York, under date of Nov. 4, in speaking of the defeat of the democratic candidate, says:—

"This result has been brought about by the union of the whig and anti-renters. If Gov. Wright is defeated, and I believe there can be no doubt of that, the end may be ascribed to the treatment of the anti-renters. If a pardon had been granted to Big Thunder, alone, Wright would have been chosen. It was refused, and he is defeated. The whigs have now the anti-renters on their hands, and we shall see what they will do. I stand by my party and look for better and happier days."

NEW JERSEY.—The whigs had fixed this State in such a manner that they could not help electing four members of Congress. Mr. Edsall, the democratic candidate in one district, is chosen. The Legislature is undoubtedly whig, and will choose a U. S. Senator.

The whigs have made some gains in the elections of Representatives to Congress, but it is perfectly certain that the present tariff cannot be repealed by the next Congress. The democrats will have from 15 to 20 majority in the Senate, and will retain a majority in the House. But if they do not, every body knows the whigs cannot by any possibility obtain a vote of two thirds; and if they could get two thirds of both House and Senate, the President has a veto. The tariff of 1846 is a fixed fact.

The Southern Illinois War. We learn from the Paducah Kentuckian, that the war in Southern Illinois is at an end. On Saturday, the 3d ult., the Regulars gave a barbecue at Metropolis. Gen. Davis, Gov. Ford's commander of militia, appointed to suppress the disturbances, was present, and it is said, was fully convinced that the Regulars had done nothing but what they were compelled, by the strongest necessity, to do, in their efforts to rid the country of the base and unprincipled men who had been removed from Southern Illinois. By agreement, a little longer time was given to some persons who had been ordered to leave. Most of the clan of counterfeiters and horse thieves are already out of the state, and those remaining will promptly follow. The difficulties in Massac and the adjoining counties may now be considered as fairly and finally closed.

SUPREME JUDICIAL COURT. The Grand Jury rose yesterday after reporting eight bills of indictment, five of which are against Rev. William S. Douglas for incest with his four daughters and one for a felonious assault upon another daughter. The trial of Canby for the murder of Mrs. Emerson has been assigned for to-day. It is, however, uncertain whether the trial will be commenced before to-morrow. [Bangor Whig of 3d.]

We know a gentleman who has heard so much of phrenology, that he says he has given up "doing good," and minds his own business. [Boston Post.]

Reason and Justice.—No. 4. And so it is necessary that the prescription of every secret remedy should be published in order "to prevent imposition in the sale of medicine!" Let us see how that would prevent it. We have seen that the doctors and apothecaries have "full swing." They can kill or cure, as before, without being meddled with, and administer medicines that nobody but themselves know anything about. They are the privileged class. There is no danger of "imposition" from them! Oh no! They are all very respectable and intelligent men! But wait a little and see their respectability. They want money, and you shall see how they sometimes get it. We like a good citizen, and the secret recipe on each box of our Pills. Well, what then? A way the respectable individuals go, up to Boston, better seller! head over heels! shouting all the way, "I've got it! I've got it!" And what have they got? Why our recipe, and they are after materials to make our medicine! Respectable gentlemen! And then you shall see the advertisements, wherein they say they sell Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills—the falsehood; they are none of ours. Why if we used the miserable materials found in apothecary stores, Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills would have had no reputation. They would have been universally despised. The miserable article which these people would manufacture, and call Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills, would damn them in popular estimation forever. Here would be imposition for you! Selling a thing for Wright's when it was a base counterfeit, and sold to by the very men the law protects! The truth, then, in relation to the proposed law, seems to be this: There are several valuable proprietary medicines, among them

Wright's celebrated Indian Vegetable Pills, which have become so popular as to seriously affect the doctors' and apothecaries' craft. They, envious souls, have procured the passage of the above law, whereby they hope to obtain the secret recipe for their own use, or direct their medicine from the State. Now rather than publish the recipe we accept the former resort. The public will do well therefore to purchase immediately an ample supply of the above celebrated medicine, as it may not be long that the opportunity will be afforded in the State of Maine. The sinister intentions of designing men will thus for a time be defeated. The medicine, if kept dry, will be good for years.

For sale by THOMAS CROCKER, Paris.

#### MARRIED.

In this town, by Galen Field, Esq. Mr. Joseph Hadlock, of Falmouth, to Miss Maria Washburn, of Paris. In Greenwood, 16th ult. by Rev. S. W. Pearce, Mr. Jonathan Lavitt, of Biddeford, to Miss Martha F. Yates, of Greenwood.

In Jay, Charles Reed to Miss Rosanna Campbell.

#### DIED.

In Turner, John Cobb, aged 73.

In Livermore, 19th inst. Rev. Phillip Munger, aged 63 years.

#### CONCERT

—BY THE—

THE TWIN SISTERS most respectfully beg leave to announce to the Ladies and Gentlemen of this place, that they will give a grand

VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL ENTERTAINMENT.

—CONSISTING OF—

Songs, Duets, Marches, Quicksteps, &c., &c. One playing the Violin and the other the Violoncello, as accompaniments to the voices, at the MEETING HOUSE in this Village, on FRIDAY and SATURDAY EVENINGS, 13th and 14th Nov.

Doors open at 7 1/2 o'clock, Concert to commence at 8. Tickets 12 1/2 cents.

Paris, Nov. 10, 1846.

#### OPINION OF THE PRESS.

From the Cincinnati Daily Times, of May 23d.

Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry

We would advise our readers who are laboring under an affection of the lungs, to make immediate trial of this truly excellent medicine. The most intelligent and respectable families of our city have adopted it as a favorite family medicine; and persons predisposed to Consumption, who have used it, speak in the highest terms of its efficacy.

Scores of individuals have been cured of Asthma, the early stages of Consumption, Bleeding of the lungs, obstinate coughs, &c., by this Balsam, after hope had well nigh yielded to despair. We say all this in candor. It is indeed a melancholy truth that thousands fall victims to Consumption every year, from no other cause than neglected Colds; yet we find hundreds, nay thousands, who treat such complaints with the greatest indifference, and let them run on for weeks and even months, without thinking of the danger.

The subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that she has been duly appointed and taken upon herself the trust of Administrator of the estate of

SAMUEL W. INGALLS.

He of Hebron, in the County of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs.—She therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate, to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to her.

ANNA INGALLS.

August 25, 1846.

#### NEW GOODS.

Charles H. Crocker,

WOULD inform his friends and the public generally that he has just received from Boston and New York for sale (at the old Stand formerly occupied by his father), a large assortment of goods, consisting of country produce, or short approved credit, a prime assortment of

Fall and Winter Goods,

consisting, in part, of new and fashionable styles of PRINTS, ALPACAS, DE LAINES, LINSEYS, PAIDS, &c.

BROADCLOTHS, TWEEDS, PLAIN AND FANCY CASSIMERES, TWEEDS AND VESTINGS.

Together with a first rate stock of Groceries, Hard Ware, Cutlery, Crockery and Glass Ware.

—ALSO—

A general assortment of Drugs, Medicines, and Dye Stuffs.

Purchasers are respectfully invited to call and examine his Stock of Goods for themselves.

Paris, Oct. 23, 1846.

C. H. CROCKER.

#### CASHMERE

FOR DRESSES—a prime assortment just received

Paris, Oct. 30, 1846.

C. H. CROCKER.

#### Boots and Shoes.

SOLE and UPPER LEATHER

Paris, Oct. 30, 1846.

C. H. CROCKER.

#### Hats and Caps.

A good assortment of Hats Caps for sale by the subscriber, low for Cash. Call and examine.

Paris, Oct. 30, 1846.

C. H. CROCKER.

#### Cotton Warp.

A large assortment of Cotton Warp, cheap for Cash, for sale by

Paris, Oct. 30, 1846.

C. H. CROCKER.

#### WANTED.

BY the Subscriber, in exchange for goods, for which the highest prices will be paid,

1000 bushels of CORN,

1000 do WHEAT,

2000 do OATS,

200 do WHITE BEANS.

—ALSO—

SHINGLES and CLAPBOARDS.

Paris, November 2, 1846.

C. H. CROCKER.

#### Notice—Freedom.

THIS is to notify all persons that I have given to my son, John Porter, his time till he is twenty years of age, to trade and act for himself. I shall not hereafter claim any of his earnings, nor be responsible for any debts he contracts.

MARK PORTER.

Attest—JOHN ARKES.

Andover, October 26th, 1846.

#### FURNITURE

#### WARE-HOUSE.

THE subscriber, having taken the Stand formerly occupied by J. D. Devine, would invite the attention of his friends, and the public, to his well selected Stock of Household Furniture, consisting in part of

BUREAUS, of the latest styles.

SECRETARIES, SOFAS, BEDSTEADS,

GRECIAN, CENTRE, TOILET and DINING TABLES.

WASH-STANDS and WASH-SINKS.

CANE and WOOD SEATED CHAIRS.

PICTURE FRAMES, and Looking Glasses.

—ALSO—

FEATHERS

Furnished at short notice. All of which are offered at reduced prices.

O WEBSTER BENT.

South Paris, October 23, 1846.

#### GRAVE STONES,

MARBLE and SLATE GRANITE MONUMENTS, TOMB TABLES, &c.,

Of the first quality and superior style of Lettering.

THE subscriber would inform the public generally, that he has a workman of taste and much experience in the Stone Business, and has constantly in his Shop at South Paris, a large assortment of STONES, which he will sell cheaper than can be bought in the State.

Persons desirous of purchasing, are invited to call and examine the Stone and Prices for themselves.

PROBUC received in payment for Stone. Orders carefully and promptly attended to.

DAVID ADAMS.

PETER HOLDEN, Agent.

South Paris, September 23, 1846.

#### DENTISTRY, DENTISTRY.

FILLING, Separating, Cleaning and Setting Artificials, Mineral Pivot Teeth, done by

T. H. BROWN, Paris-Hill.

Price.—Filling with Gold, from 50 cents to \$1.00.

do do Tin Foil, 25 50.

Cleaning set of Teeth, 50 75.

Setting Pivot Teeth, \$1.00 1.50, & 2.00.

Work warranted.—March 23.

#### PROBATE NOTICES.

##### Commissioners' Notice.

THE creditors of the estate of SAMUEL TUCKER, late of Buckfield, deceased, are hereby notified that six months from the 20th day of October, 1846, and allowed to said creditors to exhibit and prove their claims; and for the receipt of the undersigned, will be in session at the dwelling house of JAMES BICKNELL, in Buckfield, on Tuesday, the 29th day of December, and Tuesday, the 2d day of March next, from ten o'clock A. M. to four o'clock P. M. on said days.

JAMES BICKNELL, Commissioner.

Buckfield, Oct. 28th, 1846.

##### Guardian's Sale.

NOTICE is hereby given, that by virtue of a license from the Court of Probate for the County of Oxford, there will be exposed

##### AT PRIVATE SALE,

at the dwelling house of Samuel Stevens Jr., in Fryeburg, on Monday, the 18th day of December next, at one o'clock P. M. all the interest of ELIZA C. RUSSELL, a minor, has in the farm situated in said Fryeburg, formerly owned by William Russell, Jr. deceased.

WILLIAM RUSSELL, Guardian.

Waterford, November 2, 1846.

##### Guardian's Sale.

By virtue of License from the Probate Court for the County of Oxford, the subscriber will sell at

##### PUBLIC AUCTION,

at the dwelling house of Elias M. Carter, in Bethel, on Saturday, the twentieth day of February next, at one o'clock P. M. all the interest of ELIZA C. RUSSELL, a minor, has in the farm situated in said Fryeburg, formerly owned by William Russell, Jr. deceased.

BENJAMIN EAMES, Guardian.

Bethel, October 20, 1846.

At a Court of Probate, held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of October, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-six.

ON the Petition of JAMES HOBBS, Jr., Guardian of the Person of Benjamin Henry and Hannah Maria Wyman, minor children of Benjamin and Eliza Wyman, of the City and State of New York, representing that said minors have a reversionary right in a certain Farm, situated in Fryeburg, and also two thirds of thirty acres of woodland, bequeathed them by their Grandfather, Josiah Wyman, late of Fryeburg, deceased, and that it would be for the interest of said Wards that the said rights which they have in said Farm and lands should be sold, and therefore praying that License might be granted him to sell said lands for their benefit.

It was Ordered, that the said Guardian give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, in said County, on the last Tuesday of November next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be granted.

It was Ordered, that the said Guardian give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, in said County, on the last Tuesday of November next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be granted.

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It was



**Dr. Wood's**  
**SARSAPARILLA AND WILD CHERRY**  
**BITTERS.**  
For the permanent removal of all such diseases as take their rise in an Impure Blood, Impaired Digestion, Morbid state of the Liver and Stomach, Weakness of the Nervous System, and a disordered Habit of the Constitution generally.

**DR. WOOD'S** Sarsaparilla and Wild Cherry Bitters, have already, by their substantial excellence, won a degree of public favor and patronage, which puts them beyond the need of recommendation. Being faithfully prepared of the most excellent materials, they can be fully relied on in all cases of a taint, impurity or alternative remedy. Sarsaparilla takes a high rank among Physicians and all others in the list of curative agents, and it is this fact which has rendered it so universally popular over all other medicines of the day.

Dr. Wood's standard preparation, it is warranted to be found in great purity and strength, and gaining much by its union with the Wild Cherry, a tonic of the first order. This happy combination is the only one ever made of these articles, and founded as it is on the best medical principles, and their strict extraction by a rigid chemical analysis, experience has shown its natural power and efficacy.

This preparation will be found on trial, to be a true and speedy remedy for the various eruptions, skin diseases, itching humors, secure regular digestion, promote a healthy action of the Liver and Stomach, and strengthen the nerves, at once securing health and vigor to the whole system. In all cases of derangement, arising from Impurity or Nervous Irritation, they have been used with remarkable success, and they are, in every respect, ready for the treatment of the following diseases: Loss of Appetite, and a general prostration of the system. At the same time, it must be stated, that they are neither violent nor at all dangerous in their operation, securing, as they do, the desired end, by a steady, regular and continuous use. Taken daily, in doses prescribed, they will be found to operate in the most gentle and salutary manner, which is, in fact, their highest recommendation.

The following certificates, among many others which have been received from the most respectable sources, furnish satisfactory proof of the value and efficacy of this highly popular medicine.

**Mr. E. THORNTON, JR.**  
Dear Sir, This is to certify that my daughter has been troubled with Dyspepsia for a number of years, attended with almost constant headache and other distressing symptoms which accompany this disease. She visited Boston to avail herself of the best medical advice, and was induced to purchase a bottle of Dr. Wood's Sarsaparilla and Wild Cherry Bitters. Before taking one but she was relieved entirely of the headache, and after taking two or three bottles, the other symptoms were completely dispelled.

**Mr. E. THORNTON, JR.**  
Dear Sir, My daughter has been for more than two years afflicted with a confirmed Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint, together with a severe and constant headache. During this time she was constantly attended by the most skillful and intelligent physicians, but with little or no relief, until we found the disease was rapidly taking the form of a confirmed consumption. At this time, I determined to have recourse to Dr. Wood's Sarsaparilla and Wild Cherry Bitters, as prepared by you, and it gave me the sincerest pleasure to state, that after the use of a few bottles my daughter was happily restored to health. I have the highest confidence in this medicine, and shall cheerfully recommend it to my friends.

**ANSEL WHITE.**  
The cure described in the above certificate of Mr. White, is by no means a singular one. There are hundreds who have been cured from the most acute and long continued disease by the use of this excellent medicine. The following testimonial, from a gentleman who has been cured, is a further proof of its efficacy. It is well known that in all cases where there is a taint, it has succeeded beyond the expectations of the patient or even his own. The cure with which it is prepared, and the immediate excellence of its materials, should excite and induce its use, and it is a fact that it will do this. The medicine is a true and reliable remedy, and its use is a recommendation of its efficacy. The following testimonial, from a gentleman who has been cured, is a further proof of its efficacy. It is well known that in all cases where there is a taint, it has succeeded beyond the expectations of the patient or even his own. The cure with which it is prepared, and the immediate excellence of its materials, should excite and induce its use, and it is a fact that it will do this. The medicine is a true and reliable remedy, and its use is a recommendation of its efficacy.

**Asiatic Liniment.**  
THIS LINIMENT is decidedly the VERY best preparation ever got up for the cure of Rheumatism, Stiffness of the Joints, Numbness, Spasms, Blisters, Chills, Gout, Spinal Irritation, and almost any local inflammation. It may be considered a desideratum in the list of cures, combining advantages not possessed by any other preparation of the kind, in prompt and efficient relief, and its use is a recommendation of its efficacy. It is well known that in all cases where there is a taint, it has succeeded beyond the expectations of the patient or even his own. The cure with which it is prepared, and the immediate excellence of its materials, should excite and induce its use, and it is a fact that it will do this. The medicine is a true and reliable remedy, and its use is a recommendation of its efficacy.

**EDWARD REILLY,**  
**TAILOR.**  
WOULD respectfully inform his friends and the public that he may be constantly found at the Shop formerly occupied by Lewis W. Deane, at South Paris, where the Tailoring business, in all its branches, is carried on in a faithful and workmanlike manner. Gentlemen, wishing for fashionable clothing, are requested to try him and see at what things he is. BOSTON AND PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS Received at his Shop regularly as soon as published. Wanted immediately—Two Apprentices Girls. South Paris, June, 1846.

**C. W. WALTON,**  
**ATTORNEY AT LAW,**  
MEXICO, MEXICO.

**MORE PROOFS!**  
"The cry is still, they come."

**WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS.**  
EVERY mail brings tidings of their success. From East to the remotest West—from Canada to the North to Mexico and the West Indies—all are unanimous in their praise. Of a medicine so universally known and esteemed as

it is hardly necessary to speak in detail. A few periods of its history will show the reputation of that medicine stood higher, and we may say that its reputation is likely to be more enduring. Adopted by all constitutions, in every part of disease, and to all climates, Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are, above every other medicine, fitted for the use of man under whatever circumstances he may be placed. At sea or on land, at home or abroad, in summer's heat or winter's cold, with a common regard to the conditions of health, and with Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills at hand, there is no excuse for being sick, unless the constitution be utterly irreclaimable.

As our object is to state where the genuine medicine can be obtained, rather than to give it an extended notice, which our limited space will not permit, we shall merely advise you of the one testimonial that we have just come to hand. Hundreds of the same kind might be added, but we are sure the public will save us the trouble of arranging them.

Extract of a letter from Hernando, Mississippi.  
"To W. Wright—Your Pills have given universal satisfaction, and are justly very popular. I can tell you from 30 to 40 doses annually I could be expected to expect."  
WM. HENRY JOHNSON, Agent.

It ought here to be remarked that the medicine has been recently introduced into Mississippi.

Extract of a letter from Jersey Shore, Penn.  
"The Indian Vegetable Pills excel every thing of the kind ever offered to the public in this section of the country, notwithstanding the combined efforts of so many unprincipled imitations to put them down."  
S. W. WRIGHT & SON.

Extract of a letter from the Editor of the Pittsburgh Chronicle.  
"I have myself used your pills, and am satisfied of their beneficial effects in various diseases."

The following highly respectable store keepers have been duly appointed agents for the sale of Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills.  
**THOMAS CROCKER, Paris;** John M. Deane, Canton; Winston Hall, Hartford; Ephraim Stead, Buckfield; Charles Durell, Oxford; Wm. F. Welch, Walpole; John Blake & Son, Turner; East Village; John Goodman, Waterford; North Village; Joseph Nelson, Waterford; South Village; Alfred Spring, Wrentham; H. C. Barrett, Fryeburg; Ben. Noyes, Sweden; J. H. Langley & Co., Albany; Ira C. Kimball, Bethel; J. & W. Stevens, Greenwood; Almon Briggs, Mechanic Falls; J. H. Wardwell, Rumford Corner; Joshua Graham, Rumford Centre; Almon Briggs, Mechanic Falls; Lewis Goodrich, and James H. Balfour, Rumford; D. W. O'Brien, Fryeburg; North Village; Walker, Lowell; C. L. Eustis, Bethel; E. M. Carter & Co., East Bethel; and by agents in every village and town in the State.

**SPECIAL NOTICE.**  
In consequence of the passage of an Act by the recent Legislature of Maine, requiring the publication of the text of the public property medicines, after the first of January next, the public would do well to purchase immediately an ample supply of the above celebrated medicine, as it MAY NOT BE LONG that the opportunity will be afforded in the State of Maine. The intention of designing men will be to use this for a time to the detriment of the public. The medicine, if kept dry, will be good for years. The act is necessary most unjust, because it requires a valuable secret to be put into the hands of one's professional enemies. This no one will do; and thus the poor man will be compelled to pay for the advice of a doctor, instead of doing his business with common sense. Office devoted exclusively to the sale of Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills, Wholesale and Retail, No. 189 Race Street, Philadelphia; No. 288 Greenwich Street, New York; and No. 198 Tremont Street, Boston.—See Oct. 18.

**BOOK STORE.**  
The subscriber keeps constantly for sale a large and general assortment of Books and Stationery, among which are all the School Books in common use for Schools and Academies, such as Grammar, Arithmetic, Algebra, History, Geography, Astronomy, Philosophy, Chemistry, &c., &c.

**MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS.**  
from which Public, Social, Sunday School, and Private Libraries can be supplied with the most useful and interesting character to suit the various tastes and wishes of the reading community generally. Large Quarto, Duodecimo, and Pocket Bibles; Testaments, Hymn-Books, paper, quills, steel pens, wafers, paper-folders, and boxes, seals, &c.

**PAPER HANGINGS.**  
of different figures, qualities and prices to suit customers. Glass Ware, Maps of the State of Maine, and many other articles, too numerous to particularize in a short advertisement. For the sale of these and other articles, Gentlemen, please call and examine for yourselves, or enquire of  
BENJ. WALTON  
Paris-Hill, May 5th, 1846.

**Plumbe National Daguerrian Gallery**  
—AND—  
Photographers Furnishing Depot.

**AWARDED the Gold and Silver Medals.**  
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**WORMS EASILY REMOVED!**  
**WINTER'S**  
**Canadian Vermifuge!**

**HUNDREDS OF CHILDREN DIE** every year from the disease produced by Worms! They are the cause of numerous and frightful diseases. Indeed there is scarcely a complaint common to infancy and childhood which may not be produced or greatly aggravated by the presence of these destructive animals in the stomach and bowels. Cases are recorded of their producing St. Vitus's Dance, Locked Jaw, Spitting, Dropsy, Loss of Feeling in the Limbs, Rickets, Palpitation of the Heart, Eruptions, Dry Cough, Severe Pain, Pale complexion, total Decline of Strength, and Consumption. They cause all acrimony in the body, and finally destroy the child.

Winter's Canadian Vermifuge is a pleasant, safe, speedy and permanent cure for this dangerous affliction. It destroys the worms at once, dissolves and carries off the slime which forms the nest of worms, and greatly improves and invigorates the system. It is the most perfect thing of the kind ever invented, and so family should be without it.

P. S. Parents may be assured that this medicine is perfectly harmless in all its effects. It is carefully compounded of the very best materials, and there is not the least danger in using it. Price—only 25 cents per bottle.

**J. S. HOUGHTON, 120 Washington Street, Boston,** General Agent for the New England States.  
For Sale by J. K. HAMMOND, Paris; Hall & Dow, Norway; Grover & Putnam, Bethel; John Blake, Turner; Charles F. Chase, Dixfield; Wm. Cousins, Poland; H. Blake, Hartland; J. H. Wardwell, Rumford; and Edward Mason, Portland.—June 20, 1846.

**DR. UPHAM'S**  
**Vegetable Internal Remedy**  
**FOR THE PILES!**  
**A Cure for Life Secured.**

For the cure of Piles, Inflammation of the Liver and Spleen; Inflammation of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys, and Bladder; Inflammation of the Urinary Organs; Hemorrhoids; and for the relief of Married Ladies.

The Vegetable Pile Electuary, invented by Dr. Upham, a distinguished physician of New York, is a truly successful remedy for all the above mentioned and distressing complaints, the Piles, ever offered to the American public.

Mark that it is an INTERNAL REMEDY—not an external application, and will cure any case of Piles, either local or general, in the shortest time, and without the least danger. It is a truly successful remedy for all the above mentioned and distressing complaints, the Piles, ever offered to the American public.

**INFLAMMATORY DISEASES.**  
Although this Electuary was originally prepared for the cure of Piles, yet it has proved itself to be a medicine far superior to all others, in all diseases of an inflammatory character, with a determination of blood to any particular part or organ. In Inflammation or Congestion of the Liver and Spleen; Inflammation, Swelling and Ulceration of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys, and Bladder; in Inflammation of the Urinary Organs, it is the best medicine ever discovered.

**IMPURITIES OF THE BLOOD.**  
For all Impurities of the Blood, arising from the impudent use of Mercury, or other causes; for all Diseases of the Skin and Scaly Affections; in all cases where the blood is pure, and the system is diseased, this Electuary is a truly successful remedy.

**TO MARRIED LADIES.**  
Married Ladies are almost invariably subject to that painful and distressing disease, the Piles, which is attended with much suffering, and is a source of great embarrassment. It is a truly successful remedy for all the above mentioned and distressing complaints, the Piles, ever offered to the American public.

**CURE FOR LIFE GUARANTEED.**  
The Electuary contains no Mineral Medicines; no Aloes, Colocynth, Gamboge, or other powerful and irritating Purgative. No fear of taking cold while under its influence, no loss of the lungs generally. It is a truly successful remedy for all the above mentioned and distressing complaints, the Piles, ever offered to the American public.

**BUCHANAN'S**  
**Hungarian Balsam**  
**OF LIFE.**

Saved from a premature Grave!  
—Invalids exposed to be put all hope have been restored to comparative health—and the last moments of the dying have been made comfortable by its use. In cases of children, afflicted with severe and obstinate colic, it has been employed with great success—reversing a crisis of the having come under our personal knowledge. Indeed this is a grand medicine. Its reputation is well established, and the sales are constantly increasing. Yours truly,  
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**JOYFUL INTELLIGENCE!**  
ANOTHER Life saved after the DOCTORS could do no more!

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From Edward Mason, Portland, Me.—The Hungarian Balsam gives good satisfaction in the city and vicinity; and I have no doubt, from the reports I hear of its salutary effects, that it is a truly successful remedy for all the above mentioned and distressing complaints, the Piles, ever offered to the American public.

From J. R. Nichols, Haverhill, Mass.—I am much pleased with the Hungarian Balsam, and from the abundant testimonies which it gives in PULMONARY CONSUMPTION, I think it can be confidently recommended by those who have tried it for sale. Yours, &c.

**CONSUMPTION IN BANGOR, MAINE.**  
Great cures by Buchan's Hungarian Balsam, in that cold climate.

I have now had the Agency of that excellent medicine, Buchan's Hungarian Balsam, about two years, and have sold in that period, nearly 12 cases, or 1223 bottles. Much of this has been used in the vicinity of Bangor, but many dozens have been sent several hundred miles to Houlton, and the Province, Maine, Eastport, &c. The success of this Balsam in the relief of all the above mentioned and distressing complaints, the Piles, ever offered to the American public.

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